



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 59 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48..... NO. 18,081.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, the newly elected Roslyn school trustee, says: "A public school should be better than a private one." In general it is. The country public school turns out boys and girls better fitted for the realities of life than the products of any boarding school or fashionable academy.

Real education is not acquired in kid gloves. The training which is most valuable comes with attrition. Without friction a belt will not transmit power and neither can learning be imparted from one mind to the other without friction and without effort. The generation in the schools of to-day is the generation which will be the people of the United States in a few years, and what the institutions of the United States shall be depends more on the training of the children than on any number of written constitutions.

It is doubtful whether in the large cities the public schools discharge their functions as well as in the country villages. The nature studies in the city schools are a poor substitute for that practical knowledge of nature which the fields and the forests best give. A course in cooking or sewing at school can never bring about the results of a mother's training at the home kitchen. The handicraft of the school cannot give the same practical groundwork which a boy gets who learns his trade in his father's shop.

The changes from the small workshop to the great factory, from the single house to the crowded tenement, from the little store to the great emporium, these and the other economic changes of city life require an adjustment of the public schools to meet them.

## OBEY IN MARRIAGE.

Discussion of the form of the marriage service is becoming general. Both the Presbyterian and the Methodist Episcopal churches are considering their marriage ritual, and at the same time the French Parliament through one of its committees is listening to arguments on the same subject.

All the recognized American marriage services contain the word "love," which the French legal ceremony omits. The debate on the American form is whether to leave out the word "obey" in the responses given by the woman. There are advocates of both forms, the "love, honor and obey" and the "love, honor and keep" or "love, cherish and honor."

The word "obey" exists in the old English marriage service, where the obedience was not only promised, but insisted upon. In modern matrimony, although the woman promises to obey, it is usually not long before she shifts the fulfillment of that particular promise upon her husband and lets him do the obeying.

Marriage is a solemn undertaking and the most important contract either a man or a woman can enter into. It is well that its phrasing should be seriously discussed, and it would be a great deal better if people who do not honestly and sincerely intend to carry out their agreement in both letter and spirit should not repeat the words as so many sounds without meaning.

## A SEASIDE ACCIDENT.

A warning to young men and young women who sit on the beach moonlight nights is contained in the news from the Ocean House, at Swampscott. While strolling along the beach with a young man Miss Bessie Hayes had one of her ribs broken through the too strenuous clasp of the young man's arm around her waist. She is now under a doctor's care and angry at the cause of her accident.

Before concentrating the blame on Miss Hayes or her young man there should be a report as to whether her bones are unusually fragile or whether the young man's grip exceeded "a hard squeeze," as he calls it.

Affection does not require an excess of muscular strength for its display. Rather would true love provoke tenderness and a caressing embrace instead of a powerful muscular effort. Even if it should turn out that the broken rib was unduly fragile, that does not exculpate the young man. Young men should not be rough, and girls should not be bolsterous. An occasional caress is one thing; a wrestling grip is quite another.

What recompense can society and the state make to a man who has served twenty years in state prison for a murder which another man committed?

Blowing up saloons with dynamite is not the way to secure either temperance or prohibition.

## The Gift of Laughter.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



WHAT is the greatest gift the Fates can bestow upon a woman? That is, with what quality must she be endowed to go through life with the greatest comfort to herself?

Beauty, the unsophisticated may answer; others, humor; and, perhaps, one or two may hazard the suggestion, brains.

I should say that a sense of humor is Fate's best as well as rarest gift to womankind.

Have we not all wished when some deep-throated modern muse of Tragedy poured her troubles into our patient ears that she might be suddenly enlightened as to the ludicrousness of her pose?

Of course, she has her little tragedy. Nearly all of us have, of one sort or another. But if we are wise we keep it locked up in our hearts and refrain from crying it on the street corner.

After all, the true spirit of tragedy is that embodied in the Byronic sentence:

"And if I laugh at any human thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep."

And it is the laugh with which the woman with a sense of humor relieves the tensest moments of life. Of her own life, that is; for very generally the troubles of other people make a stronger appeal to her than her own, which alone she can afford to laugh at.

She may hear suddenly of a case of extreme poverty and feel the tears start in her eyes and her heart burn with impatient warmth to go to its relief as the distressing details are recited to her.

And yet there may be in her own mind a half-forgotten memory of similar stress in her own life that she accented with serene philosophy and that she would have thought herself crazy to cry over.

With a sense of humor the myriad little ills of life are blunted into harmlessness, and even its tragedies dwindle into evils easy to be borne. Without it life lacks perspective and is like one of those Chinese drawings in which the nearby mountain and the distant molehill are all beautifully of a size.

The tragic pose is one that naturally appeals to women, but whether the general absence of a sense of humor in womankind is the cause or the effect of their love for tragedy it would be hard to say.

Few of us are born with the gift of laughter, but we should all strive earnestly to cultivate, for it is of all human endowments that which tends most to the happiness of others and to our own.

## Letters

From the  
People

### Praises Parkway Idea.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The originating of the Andrew H. Green Parkway by the Evening World is one of the most notable and striking projects brought forward by any newspaper of late years. The scheme for betterment, as suggested by your paper, will place in our possession a duplicate of the famous boulevard of Berlin, "Unter den Linden," and will prove a fine outlet northward from Central Park. The people of Greater New York will have much to be grateful for should your newspaper carry this most commendable improvement to fulfillment.

DR. ALFRED BARTELS.

T. D.—Thanksgiving Day always falls on the last Thursday in November.

### More Foye Testimony.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have been reading about Foye. I think his conduct is outrageous. Let Magistrate Crane make an example of him for others of his type. There are great many such as he who have dear, good, kind mothers, who never thought they would know the pangs of hunger or want, striving away in this great city to-day for a small pittance, while the sons they bore wreck their fortunes at the gambling tables and lose their money. MARGARET C. DEMEN.

A. C. R.—A man who came here as a miner and whose father has become a citizen can vote on his father's papers.

### Another Uncleanness Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World: At the foot of Oliver street, about six doors up on the east side, in a pool of filthy green water between the sidewalk and one of the tenement-houses, lies a cat with every appearance of having been there some days. I hope some official may see this and give up a cleaner street. W. F. O. P. L.—For a pass to the Navy-Yard apply to Commandant of Yard. Apply to some broker or other Wall street acquaintance for a pass to the Stock Exchange.

MRS. R.—The schoolship is under the supervision of the Board of Education.

### To Encourage Aeronauts.

To the Editor of The Evening World: There are aeronautic societies in Paris, France. It seems strange to a society of that nature is not in existence in New York. Many Western States are far in advance of New York in this science, although I believe there are in New York many men deeply interested in the science of aerial navigation, but who are afraid their ideas, if made public, would be claimed by men who are looking for honor without being able practically to work for it. If submitted to a society for the advancement of aerial navigation it should be the duty of such society to protect the member who submitted the idea for the good of science.

THOMAS PENN.

### "Lady" or "Woman?"

To the Editor of The Evening World: In order to settle a dispute with readers kindly discuss from all sides the question: "Which is the higher title, 'Lady' or 'Woman'?" WELLS.

## Brides as Homemakers

By Mrs. Frederic Schoff.

"The most important, the most honorable and desirable task which can be set any woman is to be a good and wise mother."  
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."



VERY young wife should have the determination to know how to do everything that must be done in a house, and in the best possible manner. If she masters every detail of housekeeping it gives her an independence which will enable her to meet the emergencies of domestic life calmly. It enables her to do things in the best manner possible, and if she has servants she knows what is just to require of them.

A course in cooking and domestic science is valuable, and will repay one many times over, and a bride who has never had such a course will do well to make it a part of her work after marriage. There are evening classes in some of the public schools which are open to girls who are employed during the day, or to women who care to join them, and there are evening courses in other schools for which a very small fee is charged, says Mrs. Frederic Schoff, President of the National Congress of Mothers, in the Philadelphia Press.

Good home cooking is far more economical and nutritious

than bakers' bread, cakes and pies. After looking forward for months to the wedding day, and to the pleasure of the new home, with one who is dearer than all the world, it is hard to learn that there are trials and hard places that must be met. Two lives do not adjust themselves to each other in a few months, and there is need for all the love and patience that should endow every marriage.

Do not expect that there will be no clouds to mar your happiness, and do not think that when the cloud comes it will never pass away.

The good old word "helpmeet" is one that every bride should remember and aspire to become. The character of the home depends on her. The social life of the home is largely decided by her. The system and order of the home are in her keeping. Whether it is a place of peace and joy, or otherwise, remains for her to determine.

For the mothers of such brides, too, there is much to learn. One chapter is ended, but another begins. It is full of opportunity to the women who, crowned with all the experiences of wifehood and motherhood, may now do work for which earth and heaven will rise up and call them blessed.

The exacting duties of motherhood are over, and there is perhaps leisure for many things that were necessarily omitted in the busy years of young motherhood.

The joy of life is in work and service. Happiness never comes into empty idle lives. Therefore the wise woman will never lapse into life purposeless life, but will keep youth and health through human interest and helpfulness.

## The Thief-Taking Art.

By John Sweeney.

Detective Inspector, Scotland Yard.



OR every separate criminal reported and described to a detective officer the latter has to carry a mental photograph, always ready for comparison with the suspects he meets. My lists of portraits were (in my own mind) always divided into groups—political, including anarchists—this was my largest list, and various criminal groups, such as burglars, burglars, and so on. It seldom happened that two classes overlapped; it is a curious fact that criminal trades are as specialized as the professions.

Perhaps, fortunately, I had comparatively few of the commoner types of criminals to look after. My colleagues generally envied me my more important work, but I was too well acquainted with the whole routine of labor in the detective force to underestimate the tremendous dangers my colleagues faced with such perfect courage and ability. I feel it necessary to say this because the difficult work of burglar-catching, while it requires all sorts of rare qualities in a detective, is not regarded as so important as the essentially more dramatic work of tracking anarchists and unmasking political plots. The fact is there is no such thing as unimportant work to a conscientious detective, says Detective Inspector John Sweeney in the Chicago Tribune.

Detectives often make their biggest catches when not expecting to—in fact, while on holiday. We all know the story of the omnibus driver who spent his day's holiday riding on another driver's bus. A detective does not usually choose a similar form of holiday, but sometimes happens that the detective's "works do follow him."

A friend of mine in the same service once searched five years for two criminals. He had had the assistance of the smartest detectives in the force. He had practically relinquished the idea of running down his quarry, and he and his assistants had on one transferred their respective energies to the many matters in more urgent request.

One day my friend, by himself, was walking along a country road far away from the town and hundreds of miles from the scene of the tragedy with which the two criminals had remained stamped indelibly on his mind. But they were desperate villains and my friend was alone. He was strong, but their united strength was stronger. At the last, he might secure one, while the other fled. At the worst both might overpower and perhaps murder him. Acting on the inspiration of the moment, the detective sauntered along behind the two villains, stuck a fresh fill of tobacco in his pipe and asked for a match. This was sufficient to bring him into closer relations with one than with the other, who thus walked a few paces in advance. The moment my friend walked a telegraph post a yard or two beyond he seized villain No. 1, drew out the handcuffs, and before you could say "knife" a temporary jail was made out of the most ordinary-looking telegraph post you ever saw. Villain No. 2 took to his heels, but knowing he had made sure of one criminal, the victor made no hesitation in pursuing and capturing the second of the pair. Both villains were secured, and for fourteen years they were an expense, though not a trouble, to the public.

## Said on the Side

FASHION'S change. Once it was the wedding tour on "A Bicycle Built for Two." Next the automobile was pressed into service for a honeymoon trip. Latest and most up-to-date is the naphtha-launch trip for newly wedded couples, devised by a Canadian couple.

Arrival of the Katdid reported. Six weeks to cool Subway air.

Fatal case of tetanus at Hartford following tiny scratch of a pin. As a cautioner earlier the pin is lighter than the sword.

Alleged by Prof. Starr, of the University of Chicago, that "in those races in which children are brought up wholly

under the direction of the mother, there is more barbarity than in those races where the young are reared under the guiding influence of the father."

Triggs gone, but still some star performers left at President Harper's college.

Parrot arrested in the Tenderloin for profanity and vagrancy. Small hot bird, as it were.

Something staggering in the statistics of matrimonial infidelity showing that 66,000 wives carry their woes into court every year. Remark of Magistrate Pool's probation officer that musicians do not figure in wife-desertion cases points to a peculiar relation

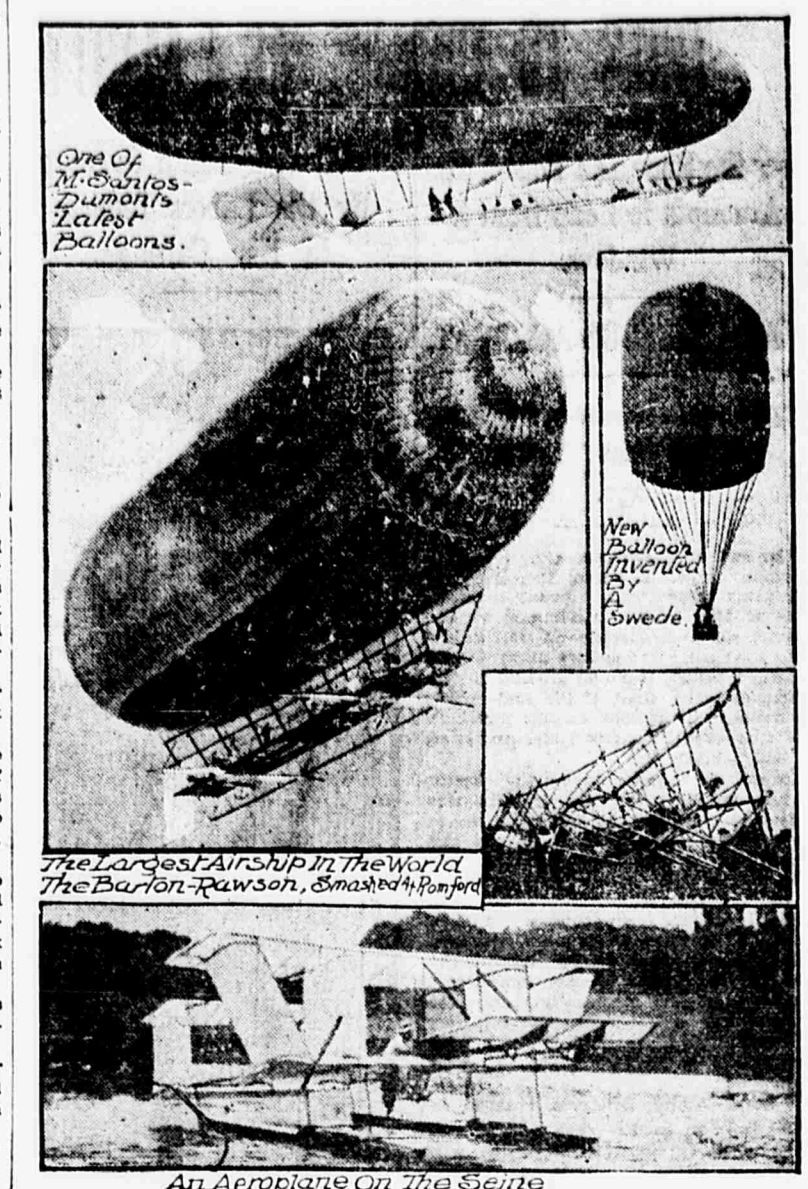
of instrumental harmony to domestic concord.

Speaking of music, fact that a street piano has earned an humble couple \$500, enabling them to return to Italy to live in style there, throws a new light on how pennies may lead to prosperity.

"Tragedy told in thirty-one words by an injured woman." Remarks about the longevity of the sex in need of revision.

Strike of the Coney Island Igorrotes because they did not think they were treated right conveyed a hint of the readiness with which our "Island wards" are assimilating American ideas.

## Human Rivals of the Bird Make New Attempts To Navigate the Air.



An Aeroplane On The Seine.

THERE are at present two forms of flying machines which are being experimented on. The machine which employs the inflated balloon may, by an analogy to the fish, be described as an aerial swimming machine. The second type of machine resembles a bird and is heavier than the atmosphere. It maintains itself, or strives to maintain itself, in the air by a series of aeroplanes or aerocrafts. These latter may be termed flying machines proper.

The six-ton Barton-Rawson airship, the largest flying machine ever floated, which was recently tried at London by the British War Office, is a combination of these two forms. The weight of the car and propelling machinery is negated by the clear-shaped balloon 150 feet long, and there are also banks of aeroplanes, which help to raise the machine. The tremendous aerostat has a bamboo deck, aeroplanes, motors and steering apparatus. It is driven by two 20-horse-power motors, which drive four propellers. After elaborate preliminaries the airship was got under way and ascended some 2,000 feet. The wind, however, caused great trouble, and the steering was not all that they had hoped. The descent was made at Romford, a few miles in the country, but as the four aerocrafts had congregated at one end of the platform each, was no sooner reached than the stern of the ship rose suddenly and it was found necessary to cut the balloon open. The gas rushed out with a roar, the car crashed to the ground and went practically to pieces.

M. Santos-Dumont's new "No. 19" is very much longer in the body than his other balloons. It carries a propeller at both ends and a rudder of large area. The motor is placed about a third of the distance of the framework from the bow. M. Santos-Dumont is shown standing outside the wicker car. The motor is a 60-horse-power Clement weighing over 400 pounds.

The "Swansons" is one of the latest inventions in balloons. It has been invented by a Swede, Capt. Unger. It acts as a balloon and a parachute in case of a too rapid descent. It is pictured here. In one case the experiment proved eminently satisfactory. The machine was attached to a motor-boat which steamed ahead at sixteen miles an hour, and immediately the aeroplane soared aloft about fifty feet above the water. After about a hundred yards the motor-boat slowed down, when the aeroplane descended gently and finally sat upon the water. Another machine, treated in similar fashion, remained obstinately on the water. The motor-jet increasing speed, the flat flappers of the aeroplane, meant to support it first on the water, then on the wings of the wind, sank, and the machine turned turtle. The inventor was caught in a sort of bird cage made of wire, and owed his life only to the fact that he was a strong swimmer.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

MANY a strong man is paid a weekly salary.

Yes, Cordelia, it is possible for a pretty woman to be a plain cook.

You can't tell what a woman thinks of a man by what she says about him. If a man never speaks harshly to his wife he is either considerate or cautious.

An Irish philosopher says he knows of no satisfactory reason why women should not become good business men.—Chicago News.

## MISFORTUNE.

Oh, beautiful eyes, oh, luckless eyes.

I do both love and pity you! Though you, perhaps, may not surmise.

Just why the latter I should do. Well, 'tis because they may not look. Since when upon a glass they fall In store or in a chamber cool Upon the fairest face of all! —New Orleans Times-Democrat

## The Detached Brain . . . A Wall Street Romance.

By Arthur Rochefort.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Samuel Russell, richest man in Wall street, is dying. His body is ossified and head alone remaining normal. Arthur Hoffmeister, his nephew, comes home from the Philippines to find himself disinherited. Arthur is engaged to Miss Dolan, a girl who is a German scientist named Hoffmeister have a gift for cutting off Russell's head and by artificial means keeping the brain alive for an indefinite period. Arthur and Phil, who is a false friend, conspire to use Russell's financial powers to enrich themselves. Their going up Broadway, etc. at night, is arrested and "knocked senseless" by a man and a woman. The woman (who calls herself Nellie Russell) puts the police on the false trail. Her accomplice robs the unconscious Arthur. Hoffmeister is recognized by his army chauffeur, Hank Treuman, as he is taken to the hospital suffering from concussion of the brain. Hank vows to run down Arthur's assailants. A warden head is made, which is a perfect imitation of Russell's. It is planned to fasten this head on the financier's body after the real head has been removed. The operation is successfully performed. After the funeral the living head retains consciousness and all Russell's former wisdom. His presence in the house is kept secret. Phil goes to consult the head.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Battle for Fortune.

DR. HOFFMEISTER and Phil stood before the head of Samuel Russell.

"While it comprehends everything," Hoffmeister was saying, "I am most anxious to see if the judgment is unimpaired. I will interpret its signals for you till you learn to do it yourself. Now, have you the last market reports ready?"

For reply Phil showed a bunch of newspaper clippings he had just arranged.

"Very well. Now speak in your ordinary tones, just as you did when you spoke to it before he died. Your visit will do it good. I have noticed that it seemed a little nervous this morning, and I am sure the reason was the lack of its customary news. Ah, what creatures of habit we become!"

The open eyes of the head shone with their old-time light. The face looked healthier than Phil had ever seen it. Phil ran to the phone at the same time calling to his friend:

pression overpread it, like a glad recognition, when he came in.

"And how it is now?" asked Dr. Hoffmeister, addressing the head, and smiling, as if to an old friend.

The eyes closed quickly and opened again.

"Glad to hear that," said the doctor, much pleased.

"May I read the reports?" stammered Phil.

The eyes opened and closed in a pleased way.

Phil coughed and began to read, the wrinkles between its eyes deepening, as if in profound thought.

He had been reading some minutes when the doctor called "stop!"

The last quotation was that of a stock of which Samuel Russell had bought 10,000 shares in the past three months.

"What, buy?" asked Phil. The eyes were angry and open.

"Sell!"

It would take long to explain the process by which Phil learned from the head that he was to buy blocks of some stocks and sell others.

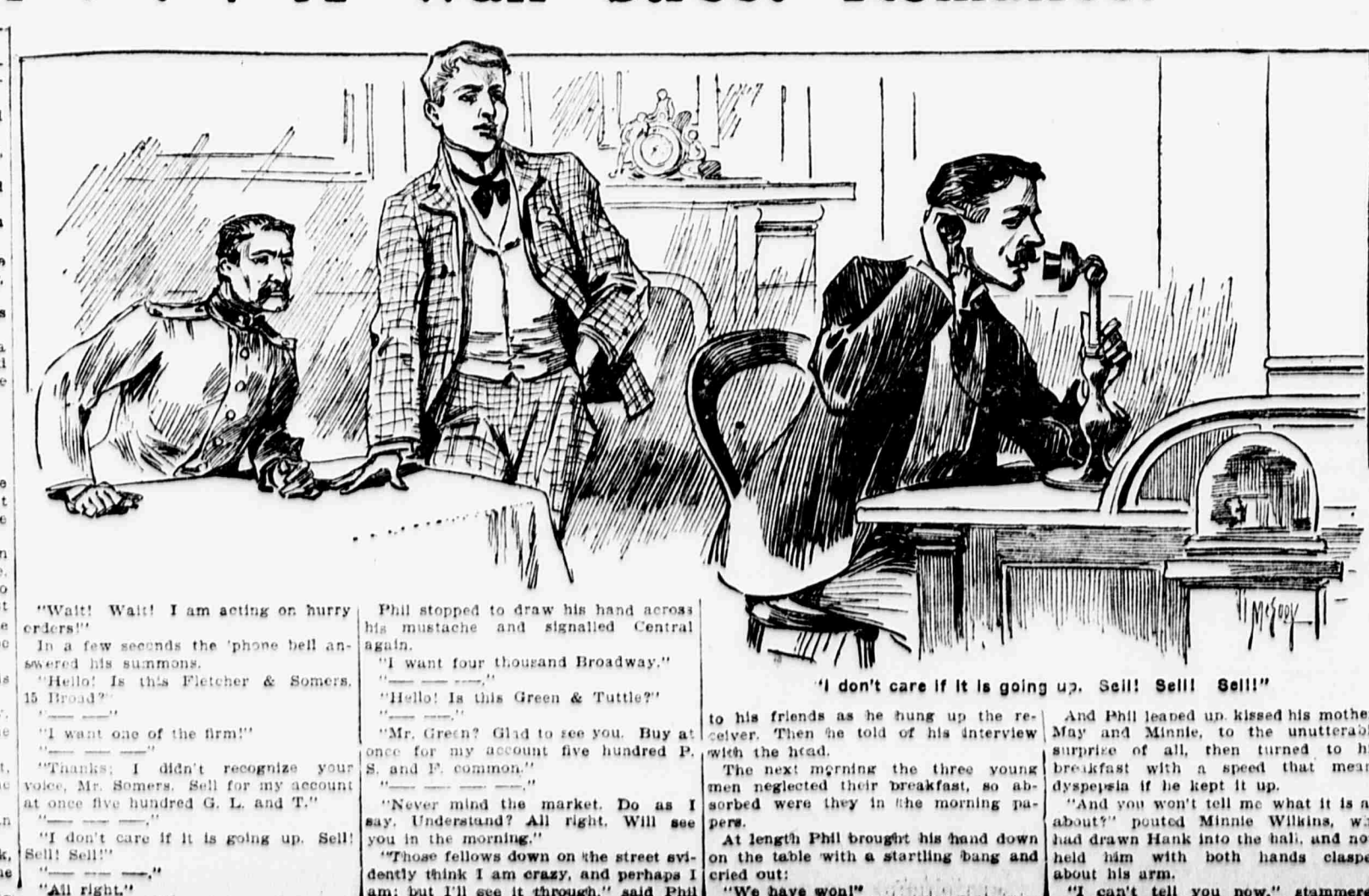
As far as his capital would go on margin he determined to invest at once. But before he went out he outlined to the important foreign news, the last crop reports and the rumors of the street. All of which appeared to be listened to with the keenest interest.

At length the doctor looked at his watch and said:

"It thinks that is enough for today. It needs rest and repose, and rest," and he motioned for Phil to leave. Phil hastened down to the basement, to which he and had the telephone transferred.

He found Arthur and Hank Treuman awaiting him.

As the former was about to speak, Phil ran to the phone at the same time calling to his friend:



"Wait! Wait! I am acting on hurry orders!"

In a few seconds the phone bell answered his summons.

"Hello! Is this Fletcher & Somers, 15 Broad?"

"I want one of the firm!"

"Thanks! I didn't recognize your voice. Mr. Somers. Sell for my account at once five hundred G. L. and T."

"I don't care if it is going up. Sell! Sell! Sell!"

"All right."

Phil stopped to draw his hand across his mustache and signaled Central again.

"I want four thousand Broadway."

"Hello! Is this Green & Tuttle?"

"Mr. Green? Glad to see you. Buy at once for my account five hundred P. S. and P. common."

"Never mind the market. Do as I say. Understand? All right. Will see you in the morning."

"Those fellows down on the street evidently think I am crazy, and perhaps I am; but I'll see it through," said Phil

to his friends as he hung up the receiver. Then he told of his interview with the head.

The next morning the three young men neglected their breakfast, so absorbed were they in the morning papers.

At length Phil brought his hand down on the table with a startling bang and cried out:

"We have won!"

"I don't care if it is going up. Sell! Sell! Sell!"

And Phil leaned up, kissed his mother, May and Minnie, to the unutterable surprise of all, then turned to his breakfast with a speed that meant dyspepsia if he kept it up.

"And you won't tell me what it is all about?" pouted Minnie Wilkins, who had drawn Hank into the hall, and now held him with both hands clasped about his arm.

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Hank.

"And yet you—you pretend to like me," said the coquettish Minnie, and she covered her face with her little hands and made a charming effort to sob.

"Like you?" repeated Hank, and the deep voice trembled. "Why, great grizzlies. Little girl, I—I worship you! But, say, Minnie, don't take on, don't cry, for I can't stand for that! You see little girl, I'm in the game, and it wouldn't be square to give the push away, not even to you."

After breakfast the three friends hurriedly made their way to "The House of It," as they agreed to call the place that meant so much to them.

Phil Dolan had good cause for his delight. Against the advice of the best men on the street he had bought one stock and sold another, and he had cleared, so far, \$2,000 on the two deals.

Although delighted at Phil's good fortune Dr. Hoffmeister did not express surprise.

"I cannot see," he said, "how it could be otherwise."

"Then it knows exactly what it is doing!" queried Phil.

"Surely, but with this difference: The old body, with its clogging senses and selfish passions, is dead and buried. What remains is pure intellect. It is reason without a thought of self."

"Then it can see beyond the room where it is?"